



ALL VISITORS PLEASE SIGN IN...

Softly she opened the night lounge door and held the candle high aloft and peered into the darkness. As her vision adjusted, the gossamer veils over the balcony door were swaying gently with the breeze. It was a warm night and the cool soft wind, and the sound of the gentle ocean were a soothing lullaby for his aching head. He was having near constant headaches for the last few weeks. He hated to whine, and so he had continued to attempt his regular schedule as much as possible, but the pain would not subside. This night he had taken a sedative with a glass of wine and retired to his 'quiet' room to rest for a few hours, to try and find some respite from the constant throbbing in his temple. He had fallen deeply asleep and was unaware of the little cat feet moving through his room. She paused for a long minute to make certain that he did not stir. He was physically so extraordinary that it was common for women and even men to stare, and he hated the attention and it often made him blush. Compliments made him feel vulnerable, and he considered them bullshit anyway. He was quoted as saying 'What is really important about a person is what you *cannot* see'.

She took full advantage in the darkness and set the candle across the room so as not to disturb her lengthy 'ritual' adoration. He was sleeping on his side with his back to her. The frolic of his shining curls cascaded down the nape of his neck and glistened in the candlelight. His broad shoulders gave great emphasis to his 28-inch waist, and he looked very much the superhero Krrish, lying there in the glow of the candle flicker dancing on his naked body. She reached back and locked the door. For these few minutes she ached to devour him and would not tolerate any intrusion into her madness. For so many years she had told herself that she loved him like a son, but that was a *lie*. She knew that he was her very soul, and this night, this treasured opportunity happened, and she was unable to resist her reckless advantage of his weakened condition, enough to put at risk *EVERYTHING*. She was on fire with pure lust. She stood in the darkness a perfect young woman again, worthy of him. She touched the top of the white silk gown and pulled the tie. The unloosing of the tie caused the weight of the gown to fall like gossamer feathers to the tile floor.

The moonlight, as if on cue began to bleed through the open window and she was *drunk* on his beauty. He usually slept in Pajama bottoms when the kids were over, otherwise he slept nude. He loved the feel of pure Egyptian sheets especially made for him with a proprietary blend of Egyptian cotton and Thai silk touching his perfect flesh. He was barely covered in the pale light and she came softly to him and noiselessly raised the silk and slipped into the bed. He did not stir. She moved cat quiet and first pressed her breasts into his back and slid her arm over his waist and still he continued dreaming, making small breathy sounds of painless content. She caressed his stone like abdomen remembering all the nights she would bring ice packs to his room after a particularly grueling workout, in effort to keep the *show horse* physique, so necessary for film.

When he was not shooting, he did not shave and so this night he was in manly perfection, and she still deep in her miasma, butterfly soft, pushed her hand to caress his manhood. He let out a quiet moan and his body began to react to her touch. Her thrill knew no bounds and, in that moment, she was transported to the familiar warmth of him so prevalent in her *dreams* 'eons ago. It was as if he was

more familiar to her than her own body. His skin was nearly flawless and not full of mistakes made by the gods during production. She remembered the new James Bond film, and how disappointed she was to see 'Bond' naked, but Hrithik was truly made in the image of Krishna. He began to breathe more acutely but still not coherently wakeful. He suddenly turned over and his weight was directly on top of her with his beautiful face softly suckling her nipples and then fully erect his face pressed to her neck in the darkness and she struggled to avoid passing out as she rubbed her hands over every muscle as if he was being understood in *braille* by her fingertips. She would bless the dark, otherwise the vision of his golden eyes by candle flame, may have *stopped* her already wildly beating heart. He touched her entry point, all warm moist velvet and pressed his fingers *over* her and *in* her, as if he were a *sculptor* measuring for a perfect fit. He withdrew his fingers and rubbed them across his open lips and then gently kissed her whispering 'I love the way you taste' and penetrated her mouth with the softest touch of his tongue, as he shared her essence between them in union. Her body reacted and she began to writhe, and he asked her *if* she wanted him now? She would answer by guiding him into her and watching the *sparks* dance before her eyes as he began to slowly penetrate her in the darkness. He opened his eyes for the first time, and she was frightened he would *scream*. He kissed her hard and entered her in slow rhythmic motions in what seemed like an *eternity* making her body *beg* for him to provide some relief, from his *fire*. He kissed her eyes and continued to pleasure both of them, occasionally pushing her hips to accommodate him at just the right angle. He would exit her for brief 60 second 'breaks' to calm down and then bring her nearly to orgasm with his fingers and ultimately have her experience the slow awesome penetration of that first time, over and over again.

She was astonished how familiar this all seemed to her a million times, a million years ago. He whispered in her ear 'I love you' as if from her millennia of dreams and filled her body with his living swimmers. They would live in her for 3 days, and each time she touched herself, she could relive this night and it *may* have to sustain her for the rest of her life! His scent would last for many days; she would make sure of that. She would ensure that the smell of his sperm would linger. It had been 15 years since a man had been inside her body and only then, it was

because she mistakenly thought it was *HIM*. When he was spent, he relaxed and moved to the side, while keeping her firmly engulfed in his arms. He was breathing deeply again, held by the night moon and each time she attempted to inch away, he reflexively held her tightly once again. She was grateful for the brief respite, as she was unable to walk; her legs tingled and felt rubbery. It would be daylight soon and so she must *away*. She lay still, in the waning moon light and the tears flowed from the torture of years without him, and *all* the years yet to come. Eventually she made her exit and quietly reentered reality and left the dreams to the dreamer softly snoring into the dawn, upon his personal cloud of the finest Egyptian cotton and Xanax.